

# INTER NOS

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J. M. J.

### *Editorial*

The December issue of INTER NOS brings to a close, Volume III. We appreciate the interest and cooperation of our subscribers, and feel that these have brought the Quarterly beyond the stage of a venture to be tried and abandoned, should the financial history be written in red. A small balance indicates that this literary effort of Mount Saint Mary's may continue to function, holding its own, though not yet in an affluent condition. Should that point ever be reached, illustrations could become an interesting feature.

A visiting alumna remarked how interested she was in reading Alumnae News, and coming to the close, what was her distress to read that this section might be discontinued. There was, however, a proviso that if no news was sent in by the Alumnae Association, there would be no Alumnae News.

Faculty members have cooperated in contributing toward this feature, through items gained in visits from their friends. We ask members to show a like interest. Also we note that only one twelfth of our group are subscribers; so we suggest that you faithful ones, help to give the periodical wider publicity.

We are privileged to present in this issue an article by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick J. Dignan, which merits careful reading because of its timeliness. The paper commemorating the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was delivered as an address at the educational conference of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, of the western province.

After reading of the many dangers threatening our freedoms, let us turn our thoughts to Mary Immaculate, Patroness of these United States, and ask that her protection may never be withdrawn. Her power is

greater than all her collective enemies, who are also ours. Her feast is at hand. Let us redouble our prayers for our country's needs.

As the year 1951 draws to its close, there is little time remaining to gain the indulgences of the Holy Year, as granted by our Holy Father. The war dead and other souls may be crying out to us to gain these indulgences for their eternal repose. Let us not be deaf to their entreaties.

## Our Freedoms Menaced

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick J. Dignan, Ph.D.

The whole idea of a natural law, the whole idea of an order of stable, unchanging principles and rules, which are the foundation of right, has been abolished. Natural law is government, and if you (I have done it) read a person like Bertrand Russell, philosopher, eminent, and at times delving into those questions, you will find that what he wants to harmonize is this: the possibility of continual enterprise, and at the same time a group cohesiveness that is necessary for society. That is the kind of language he uses. In other words, you are almost on the level of instinct, the instinct to adventure, on one hand, and the instinct to gregariousness, cohesiveness, of society, on the other. Now that is the real danger. There is a Catholic lawyer in San Francisco who is making a valiant fight for restoration of the concept of natural law. Our archbishop himself sponsored a natural law institute last fall. We had the eminent jurist, Dean Pound, as one of the guest speakers, and Pound was a terrific disappointment, because he had no concept of natural law that could stand logical analysis. This was extremely pitiable; yet he is one of the most eminent men of the nation.

When you want to get down to the foundation of our rights and our freedoms then, you have to labor for something that our Catholic culture is laboring for,—restoration of the concept of natural law. Notre Dame has sponsored natural law institutes in summer schools and so on. Thanks be to God, there is now a movement and non-Catholics have been won to an allegiance to it, and the evolutionary, pragmatic concept stands more chance of being opposed. I think, at least, it is our job to get in and build up a counter-movement to pragmatism, a realization of what natural law really is. Now how will this affect us as Catholics? We have been dealing mostly, heretofore, with the fourteenth amendment, and I tried to show you that it so happens that despite its shaky and invalid foundations, the current of social progress has vindicated, and the newer generosity of the people, has vindicated certain civil liberties of minority groups and so forth, which is a great gain.

Now we turn to another amendment and we see it working in reverse, that is, the first amendment; and here is where we are vitally concerned. We all know that the first amendment guarantees certain freedoms including freedom of religion, and states that Congress shall make no laws to establish a religion. It simply, then, forbids the establishment of one religion or sect as a nationally established thing. That is all it does. At present a new evolutionary concept, as especially promulgated by Justice Black, has completely transformed that statement and actually made it, in effect, hostility of Congress to any religion, as he puts it, or all religions. The expression of Thomas Jefferson, a mere metaphor of the wall of separation between Church and state has, by osmosis, gotten into the first amendment, where in reality, it is not found, and has created a hardened attitude which is utter, downright secularism. This evolutionary concept of law menaces freedom and has dealt a very deadly blow to truth.

I might say, parenthetically, that as we saw in the papers the other day, that the Supreme Court of the State of New York has handed down a decision in direct conflict with the Supreme Court decision as regards released time. It would be very interesting to see, if there is an appeal of that recent New York decision, which again goes up to the Supreme Court, whether anything better can be done by the Supreme Court with regard to religious freedom.

Now we see that the real problem is a philosophical one, and we see the danger of the lack of an absolute framework of reference, of first principles in other words. And we have to admit this, yet it may not last long. There is enough of tradition yet, and of the traditional spirit and respect of the individual for freedom, which has to a large degree, negatized this evolutionary concept of law. There is, however, a tremendously important area where people have lost their interest, in the field of religion, where the slogan of the separation of church and state can fool people and lead them to read into the constitution a thing that was never meant to be there, that simply is not there, and by no stretch of imagination can be read there by any fair-minded person. This is now the situation and there is a tremendous work remaining to be done. It is baffling; it is almost overwhelming, and the menace is far more terrible than we realize.

I am sure you must be acquainted with it. There is a book by Shipley on current literature. I wonder if many have read that and have seen what has happened; for instance, take a person like Ezra Pound, take some of these dramatists, for instance, take the drama "Valley Forge." What have you got? Instead of the heroic Washington and those starving men, their courage and their grit shining through that freezing winter, you have a craven leader who is seeking surrender and who has a mask—the people, the troops, are the real ones who carry on; in other words, this drama

is a Communist perversion of the scene for the interests of the so-called "poepple." It is a poeple's movement then. It wasn't Washington at all. He was a craven coward. That shows the danger of Maxwell Anderson.

You would be surprised, and we all are, in reading a book like *Seeds of Treason*. It leaves one simply aghast at the fact that men of highest scholarship and the greatest trust on the part of the nation can do the things they have done. How can they do it? It is because they have no real convictions. They are pragmatists who have become sour, and the real danger now is that there are many poeple who think that this order of ours is beyond redemption, that it should be scrapped. Take Randolph Hicks, for instance, in *The Great Tradition*, outright Communist doctrine; take for instance, and this is being fed to poeple, the history of Adolph Mayer's book, *Education of the Twentieth Century*. You read at first the introductory chapter and you will be astonished. Here are some of the things written there, as well as I can remember. He is a professor at the University of New York. He says: "How can we say that we stand for freedom when we opposed the poeple's movement for freedom in China and Greece and Spain of a few years ago?" He says: "How can we say that we represent progress if we want to hold the secrets of atomic energy for ourselves—niggardly people that we are?" And so on, all down the line, the party line all the way through.

But that is the real menace that threatens. The menace of the negation of natural rights. We have come to a period in which natural law is scrapped completely and in which we have an altogether new type of approach. The concept of social justice which is waved like a red flag by the Communists is very attractive to some poeple. I would call them very uprooted poeple. We know that the ultimate basis of our right is that man has a rational soul, is responsible not merely for temporal things, but eternal—an eternal destiny. It is from this ultimate basis that all rights are predicated, the rights of man—the only immortal being in the world. The life of his soul transcends the life of his body and that is the foundation of all his rights. If man is only a biological being, an organism, he has no rights. If you want to prove it read Julian Huxley or any of those modern biologists. Julian Huxley outrightly denies equality. We say Hitler was extremely cruel in denying the equality of races and human beings, but the great theoretical biologists or materialists do the same thing . . . exactly. There was a striking cartoon in the "Tidings," of two hands fastened, a scepter in one and a ruined church beneath—that is exactly what we face, that and nothing else. I think that alone will give us a realization of what happens when you have no frame of reference for the natural law, not to speak of a supernatural frame of reference in which the real dignity of man is seen.



It is a dreadful menace. The enemy from within is more terrible even than the enemy from without. And he has wreaked a great deal of havoc. Why have we come to this pass in a few years? Why have we come to these humiliations? Why has this, as I say, apocalyptic vision risen up before us, of the humiliations, of such a great nation—why?—except that we have been traitorous and the seeds of treason have been sown, and of secularism, which ultimately destroys all liberty, for freedom can only flourish on the soil of human dignity, which in order to be preserved, for any length of time, must be rooted in grace.

I might close with this thought that just as in the supernatural order for the individual, it is an article of faith that you cannot, for a long time, avoid serious sins without the help of supernatural grace, actual graces. I believe in the same way that freedom, that precious gift, which is the highest gift of man, cannot be preserved for a long time except with the help of supernatural grace, a supernatural concept of human life and a constant replenishing from the great source of freedom, which was purchased for us by the cross of Christ, and the engraving upon our souls of the image of the immortal God.

## The Littlest Angels' Story

### CHILDREN

*Tell us a story, oh Littlest Angels,  
Tells us of long ago,  
When off on the hillsides of Bethlehem,  
There came with the soft falling snow,  
Oh, the prettiest Baby,  
The holiest Baby,  
That ever we will know.*

### ANGELS

*We saw Him!  
We saw Him!  
We knelt beside His bed  
And smelled the freshness of the straw  
And smoothed it round His head.*

*We saw His Mother!  
His lovely Mother!  
We huddled at her knees,  
And begged her, "Let us hold Him,  
We'll be careful, please?"*

*But His lovely Mother Mary,  
Our lovely Queen, dear Mary,  
Shook her head and with a smile,  
Said she thought we Littlest Angels  
Had better wait a while.*

*But, oh children,  
Oh, children,  
Oh, come this Christmas day  
With open arms to hold this Babe,  
For His Mother said you may.*

*Oh, come to Mary,  
Come to Mary,  
And you'll find Jesus, too,  
For Mary's waiting by the manger  
To give her Child to you.*

#### CHILDREN

*We are coming,  
Littlest Angels,  
We are coming!  
We shall tip-toe in the stable door,  
And next to Mother Mary,  
Kneel down, upon the floor.*

#### BOTH

*Oh, Prince of Peace,  
Oh, Little King,  
I give myself to Thee!  
And thank you, Mother Mary,  
Upon this Christmas day,  
For giving Christ to me.*

## La Providence

By Sister Marie de Lourdes

Father Carroll finished the last verse of Lauds. He snapped the breviary shut and thrust it into his coat pocket, with the nonchalance of a middle-aged pastor. But Father John Michael Carroll was twenty-four years of age, and had been ordained priest exactly three weeks before by Bishop Ireland in St. Paul.

All through the recitation of the Office, the rhythm of the Psalms had blended with the regular ta-ta-tum, ta-ta-tum of the train in which he was riding. But between the anapestics of the verses and the ta-ta-tums, there had intruded a syncopated measure—a disturbing left-hand melody, as it were, repeating, “You must be in Lamberville on New Year’s Day. You must be in Lamberville on New Year’s Day.”

That’s the sentence Bishop Ireland had particularly emphasized when he gave the young priest his appointment yesterday. He had said other things, of course—that Lamberville was a prairie town in the northern part of the state, a French-Canadian settlement; that the old pastor, Père Lachance, had fallen ill and would be unable to say Mass on New Year’s Day—the greatest feast of the year for his parishioners—*Le jour de l’an*, you know THE day of the year. He had explained that Père Lachance had wanted an English-speaking assistant for some time—the younger generation had requested it. The Bishop had added kindly, and with a tap on his shoulder, “You’re just the man for the place, Father Jack; with snowshoes and those long legs of yours you can race the north wind over the prairies when you make sick calls. In after years you will tell young priests about your first mission beginning the first day of the new century.”

But it was the “you must be in Lamberville on *New Year’s Day*” that clung to his heart like a burr to a woolen coat. He had expected an assignment, of course. He had formulated in his mind what he would say on that occasion: Yes, your Lordship. Certainly, if that is your wish. Whatever you say, you are my bishop, your Lordship. To the leper islands? What a wonderful privilege! When do I start?

But the only expression that came from Father Jack’s dry throat when the Bishop finished his explanation was, “But, your Lordship, tomorrow is New Year’s Eve!”

“Yes, yes, of course,” the bishop had added, smiling, “but the train that leaves St. Paul tomorrow morning at nine o’clock reaches Red Lake Falls at five o’clock. From there you go to Lamberville by sleigh a couple of hours’ ride—with the mailman, a jolly fellow—you’ll enjoy him. I’ve been there several times. Beautiful sleighing—bells and all.” The bishop had laughed his hearty laugh, had patted

Father Jack affectionately on the back, all the way to the door, had shaken his hand, given him his blessing and said good-bye.

It had been hard to explain all this to his mother who had been joyously busy preparing for a family reunion on New Year's Day.

"Jack—I mean Father Jack"—she had said yesterday morning after Mass—"All the Carrolls—kith and kin—will gather at our home tomorrow to celebrate the first visit of the Reverend John Michael Carroll Jr.—God forgive me for feeling so proud. And don't be late for dinner, son. You never were—for dinner."

It had been hard to give Mother back all the advice she had given him when things did not go so well: It is God's will, son. You must accept that disappointment, dear; God knows best. You must trust in God's providence, Jack . . .

"Red Lake Falls! Red Lake Falls! Change cars for McIntosh, Winnipeg . . . Red Lake Falls next station!" Father Carroll bounced up to reach for his suitcase. He opened the top and took out the large white woolen muffler his sister had knitted for him. He arranged it snugly around his neck and held it firmly in place with his square chin while he slipped his arms into his black overcoat. Would he carry that heavy gray overcoat his father had brought to the train? He lifted it up and was deliberating when a friendly gentleman across the aisle—muffled up to his ears and wearing a fur coat—said, "Better put it on, son. Looks like this blizzard will last all night. And don't forget those overshoes under the seat. I've got a son of my own who leaves a pair of overshoes everywhere he stops."

Father Carroll thanked him, not too heartily, for in spite of his six feet, his hundred and seventy pounds and his Roman collar, strangers always gave him parental advice and called him "son." Why? he wondered.

"Red Lake Falls, change . . ."

As Father Carroll stepped on to the platform of the little station, his feet sank into a thick cushion of snow and he felt a harsh sweep of cold wind against his face. He thought of his trunk and was about to enter the waiting room when he saw coming toward him the figure of a huge cossack, wearing a black fur coat that met thick felt boots at the knees; and over these boots were buckled enormous overshoes. The high fur cap, with earflaps fastened under his chin, added to his original six-feet-two. He stopped when he reached Father Jack.

"You see curé on train?" he asked.

"I am a curé, I was to meet . . ." But before he could finish his sentence the "Cossack" had pulled off the heavy top mitten and extended a woolen-gloved hand. "You de curé! I tot you big garçon."



And he boomed a big musical laugh that Father Carroll was to enjoy many times in the future.

"I am mail carrier. My name eez François Laporte. I take port-manteau."

"I have a trunk . . ."

"I take trunk nex tam. We go get 'ot supper m'sieu le curé. Long travel, cole an' snow."

And before "m'sieu le curé" could explain that he had had dinner on the train, François had already propelled him halfway across the street to Pierre's restaurant. Well, he could take a cup of hot coffee, anyway.

"Café royal pour M'sieu le curé."

"And you, Mr. Laporte, won't you have coffee with me?"

"Me, I 'ave the royal wid no café, and ten crêpe au sirop chaud before train come."

When the café royal was placed before him, Father Carroll smiled. He was glad he had not taken the pledge.

They strode toward the hitching-post where François had tied his horses. When they reached the sleigh, François wedged Father Carroll's suitcase tightly between the mail bag and the numerous packages in the back of the bob. He covered the whole with a heavy canvas.

"Today, I buy manny present. Tomorrow, le jour de l'an. My children say to me, 'Papa, today buy for us étrems pour le jour de l'an.'"

"An my sisteh Rosanne she say, 'François, you bring some present for mes enfants.' She have ten enfants. And, encore, I buy some wine for Père Lachance for le jour de l'an."

At the mention of "le jour de l'an," Father Carroll saw a family reunion—all the relatives gathered in his home—his sister Kitty would bring the only grandson—John III. His father would bounce him up in the air saying, "A Carroll from the ground up, this one." Aunt Kate would insist he had the O'Brien jaw. He heard his mother's disappointed voice—what a shame Jack had to go now—a prairie town—only French-Canadians and wolves—poor Jack . . .

"Regardez!" said François, as he pulled a large buffalo robe off the horses' backs and spread it on the spring seat in the front of the sleigh.

Father Carroll obeyed. Everybody obeyed François.

"What a team!" He gave a low whistle of appreciation which so pleased François that, with all the grace his heavy impedimenta allowed, he formally introduced each animal to the curé. He walked

up to the fine black mare on the left. "Dis wan," he said, giving her three swift pats on the back, "eez Josephine—'tite Fine, we call." Then he pointed over her back to her red partner who was pawing the snow impatiently. "Dat wan is Mackel—we buy 'im from a Irish man on Poplair Reeve. No long tam—tree-four monts, encore. Me, I call 'im enfant du diable; he so full of devil." Father Carroll bowed acknowledgment. "Pleased to meet you Josephine, and pleased to meet you Michael," he said, laughing. "Michael is my namesake, you know. St. Joseph and St. Michael should see that we don't lose our way this dark night."

"Loose our way? Loose our way?" François slapped the left side of the seat, indicating the place the curé was to sit, while he jumped up on the right. "Nevair, nevair loose our way with 'tite Fine." He lighted a lantern, placed it at the priest's feet, and pulled up the robe over their knees. Then, he reached back and pulled it over their shoulders like a shawl. The man in the young priest stiffened a little. François reached for the lines. "Et bien, we go now."

And when the sleigh bells began to jingle Father Carroll recalled what the Bishop had said—a jolly fellow—beautiful ride—bells and all. Again his nostalgia was interrupted, for they had reached the edge of town now, and François, after turning the horses east on the main road, was twisting the lines around the front post of the sled and settling himself back in the seat, his hands under the robe. He waited a minute for the question he knew the curé would ask, "Will the horses know the way?"

"'Tite Fine, she know the way. Three ta'm week she come, she go, to Lamberville; she nevair make mistake."

"But there doesn't seem to be any road tonight after all this snow."

"'Tite Fine she know de road when dair eez no road—all wite prairie."

"How long will it take to reach Lamberville?"

"Tonight, more long. Big sleigh, two 'orse, many baggage—two and one 'alf hour, encore."

"What time do you have Mass on Holy Days?"

"On 'oly day, at nine heure; but tomorrow eez le jour de l'an! We 'ave Messe at ten heure. All de people come from far to go to Messe, and after Messe, visit all de parents." And he began to sing what Father Carroll had heard sung every year by the French-Canadians in his neighborhood:

*Au jour de l'an, mes petits enfants  
Nous irons voir parrain, marraine,  
Au jour de l'an mes petits enfants  
Nous irons voir tous nos parents.*

François finished, expecting to be asked to translate. To his surprise, Father Carroll's beautiful tenor repeated the French song François had just finished.

"M'sieu le curé! Vous parlez français! Et vuelle voix!"

It was the curé's turn to laugh. "I am afraid I can't speak French very well, M'sieu Laporte. I will have to practice for a while. But that New Year's song—I sang it with the French children at school when I was a kid."

"But your pronouncement, it eez parfik. Me, I sing in choir for de Messe tomorrow."

"I am sure it's a good choir if everyone sings as well as you do, Mr. Laporte."

"Merci, merci beaucoup, M'sieu le curé, but some man do not sing as good as me."

Father Carroll hoped the smile would not be in his voice when he asked, "How many are in the choir, Mr. Laporte? Are they all men?"

"Ma foi, but yes, all man. We sing in santuaire. Twenty-three and me is twenty-four. Kyrie eleison, eleison. And Father Jack sang—Christe."

"That's fine. I love the Gregorian chant."

But Father Carroll began to wonder how he would fit in with these people, where the curé was the center of life in the village; where the Church, the chant, the customs—brought nearly three hundred years before from France—remained unchanged.

"Tell me, Mr. Laporte, are all the parishioners in Lamberville French-Canadians?"

"But no. We 'ave some allemand farmaire, and not long 'go some Arish come too."

"I hope those Irish are good Catholics."

"But yes. But no—wan, M'sieu Kelly, he not vaire good Catolick. Poor Madame Kelly she come to church wid the Sullivan. She pray for 'er 'usband vair much."

"Not, encore. M'sieu Kelly he sell me dis 'orse Machel an she no can drive new 'orse."

"I'll have to visit the Kelly's sometime."

Michael heard his name and stopped short, Josephine trying to pull alone.

"An some tam I take you with Machel—"

"Machel! enfant du diable! What for you stop?"

François stooped, jerked the lines and started the team trotting again. As he did this he noticed that Father Carroll put up his mittened hand to his ears to ward off the cold wind.

"M'sieu le curé. You 'ave cold! Me, I know wot to do. I 'ave bot warm toboggan for ma dotter Corinne."

"No! No!" objected the curé. After all, he must put a stop to this man's dictations! "Your daughter's New Year's present—no, I . . ."

"Ma dotter, she will say, 'it eez honeur for ma coiffure to 'ave been on head of a curé.'" François found the package containing a red toboggan, removed the serge cap from Father Carroll's head and pulled the stocking cap well down to his neck, topping it with Father's own cap.

Father Carroll was getting angry. I'm going to let this Frenchman know right now that he can't boss a Carroll around. Besides, was not François one of his flock who should take advice from his pastor? He must begin at once to take things into his own hands. It was Père Lachance's wish, the Bishop had told him—

"Machel!" shouted François. "Machel! You make a fool of yourself, ain't it?"

"What's Michael doing now?" asked Father Carroll a little sharply.

"'E 'it the 'ed of 'tite Fine with 'is nose three tam, encore. Enfant du diable!"

"Maybe Josephine is getting off the road and he wants to let her know."

"Parbleu! She know de road more betta dan Machel. She nevair make meestake."

Father Carroll was not quite convinced. He was on Michael's side. François seemed to sense his uneasiness and reached back, fumbling for something.

"Ah, 'ere it is. I buy dis flask for le jour de l'an. Always we have wiskee for our frien' dat come chez nous."

With the light from the lantern he quickly pulled out the cork, took hold of Father Carroll's hand and closed it around the flask.

Father Carroll thrust it back at him. "No, I don't drink. Thank you."

"But wan throatful for warm yourself. So you won get pneumonia lak Père Lachance las tam he go sick call. You wan' say Messe tomorrow, non?"

Again this dominating François was getting his way. It would be easier than arguing. He lifted the flask and swallowed a "throatful."

He did not see how many François imbibed but in a very short while he began to sing one of the old voyageur songs—half French, half English—

*"On my return from la Vendee  
Dans mon chemin j'ai recontre  
You make me laugh, you do;  
Jamais je m'en irai chez nous  
They have me scared those wolves.  
J'ai trop grand peur des loups."*

"Wolves? Are there really wolves in these prairies? My mother feared . . ."

"But yes, at night the wolf come on prairie wen follow sleigh, but in de day, wolf 'ide along reever in woods."

Father Jack changed his position.

"But yes, wan tam I go to Bonne Terre in cutteur, come 'ome late; 'ave bot some biff for make soup. Pack wolf smell biff, follow cutteur, close and more close, I yell to 'tite Fine—I yell ' 'tite Fine les loups,' she understan; she trow back 'ead, she smell,—I say gid up, gid up 'tite Fine. I kneel down front of seat, pull at lines, an' parbleu me go fast and more fast but de wolf get near encore, get near and more near. I 'old reins with left 'and tite so 'orse won fall. I rich for biff with my rite 'and an' swish—I trow it back of cutteur in road for wolf. I say 'tite Fine—vite! vite! ma belle, we near village now. And yes, I see lite an I know pack of wolf don come chez nous."

François drew up the robe that had fallen from his knees, tucked himself in comfortably.

"What," asked Father Jack, "would have happened if you had not had that beef to delay the wolves?"

François was sound asleep.

The new curé, however, was not sleepy. In fact, that "throatful of whiskee"—He listened to François' heavy breathing. What was it Lady Macbeth said?—"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold—infirm of purpose—give me the dagger"—give me those lines. Yet, let the wolves come. John Michael Carroll would do the driving this time. He would not kneel in front of the seat. He would stand back of it. He would hold the lines a little tight so the horses wouldn't fall. He would say, "Come on Michael; run for your life, the wolves are after us. Come on mon beau Mike, come on—faster, faster. And Michael would understand. He would arch his neck and pull the whole load by himself, Josephine notwithstanding. He would twist the lines around his left hand and with his right he would pitch one jour-de-l'an present after another in the road to delay the wolves—Come on Michael, enfant de St. Michael, we're gaining on them—"



Bump! A sudden stop. The sleigh had caught on some obstacle and both men were thrown forward on their knees.

"Tonnerre! Wat eez! Pourquoi!" François was on his feet with the lines in his hands.

"The sleigh, caught in something," Father Carroll said, and both jumped out of the sleigh.

"It's the stump of a tree," Father Carroll called from one side of the sled.

"Nevair no tree in dis road. How can be stump?" yelled François from the other side. He shuffled around the bob, lantern in hand, and stared at the stump that had caught in one of the runners. "Dat Machel! He pull 'tite Fine out from road! Where we are?"

"There seems to be a light to the right, over there," said Father Carroll, pointing northward.

"I go see. You stay 'ere with 'orse." He slid his heavy feet along, leaving a wide track behind him. Father Carroll followed the lantern light with an anxious look. How far out of the way had they gone? What if they could not reach Lamberville tonight? What about Mass on New Year's Day?—He pulled the buffalo robe from the seat. It was heavier than he thought. He succeeded in getting a part of it on Michael's back. Josephine could wait.

François was sure now, that the light they had seen came from the window of a house. He walked faster. He reached the storm door in the front of the building, unlatched it and was about to knock, when the door opened and a woman stood before him.

"Madame Kelly! We are 'ere in Poplaire Reeve? Three miles from Post Office! Parbleu!"

"Oh, Mr. Laporte, Mr. Laporte," said Mrs. Kelly, sobbing, "my husband is dying and Father Lachance is too sick to come. What shall we do? He mustn't die without a priest!"

"A prist? A prist? I have wan in my sleigh." He turned and ran.

Mrs. Kelly leaned back against the wall, shut her eyes and folded her hands in front of her. Oh, what did he think I said. He didn't understand. He must have been drinking—his breath. Mother of God! Don't let him die without a priest. St. Joseph, patron of a happy death, pray for us! St. Michael . . .

The door burst open and Mrs. Kelly saw a tall young man, wearing a red stocking cap and a gray overcoat—and his breath . . .

"Oh, Mother of God!"

In a second François saw the trouble. He grabbed the tassel of the toboggan with his right hand, and jerked it off Father Carroll's

head, and with his left he pushed down the muffler exposing the Roman collar.

"Eez new curé!"

"I am Father Lachance's new assistant, Father Carroll."

She clasped his extended hand with both of hers and drew him into the sick-room.

François turned, opened the front door quickly and slipped back to the sleigh. He passed before Josephine, ignoring her utterly. Michael, to his surprise, felt his long nose being pressed affectionately between two soft mittens.

"Mackel," said François, "nevair I will call you, encore, 'enfant du diable.' Today I batize you La Providence."

## The Vigil Light

By Anna Jane Marshall-Galbraith

Winner of a first prize in "First the Blade"

*The sanctuary light burns in its wine-red cup  
Casting a golden halo on the chapel ceiling.  
Oh, God,  
Make my devotion burn, constant in the blood red  
cup of my heart  
Let it keep eternal vigilance before Your presence  
Let it never die, let the flame leap higher with each  
new devotion  
Until it casts a small circle of love  
On the ceiling of heaven.*

## Merry Mid-Summer Christmas!

By Sister Mary Jean

Again the whirl of the revolving disk broke the sultry silence. Again the dull needle scraped out, "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas." Marilee flecked a damp brown curl from her forehead with a perspiring hand and squinted at the whiteness beyond her door. "White Christmas," white, new-fallen snow gleaming in a winter sun. "May all your Christmases be white," finally croaked the phonograph, buzzing aimlessly on, free from its accompanying hoarseness. Listlessly, Marilee flipped the record and set the needle. Immediately a prolonged "... jingle all the ...", informed her she had neither hit the beginning groove nor had she wound the machine. Grumbling, she complied with its squawky demands. Marilee squinted harder at the whiteness. She could see a sleigh gliding over it, could see feathery flakes drifting down from a gray blanket, could see bare-limbed maples and silver-tipped firs—that is, if she squinted hard enough. But a familiar whistle in the distance made her snap open her eyes and face reality, the reality of glaring white sands reaching out from her door to touch the torpid waters stretching endlessly before her. Somewhere, that ocean lapped a winter shore in gray coldness. But here, here it drowsed in mid-summer laziness, and for all of her reproaches, it had not changed.

Ted's whistle paled on his lips as the evening breeze carried the wheezing, "Jingle Bells," to his ears. He slowed his steps and his weary gray eyes searched first the sea, then the dense verdure behind him, then the broiling sky, questioningly, pleadingly.

"Oh, God," he mumbled. "Don't let me lose my mind with that infernal music. Don't let me show what it is doing to me. If I can just help her through this stage. Poor little girl." He brushed a lean, brown hand across his cheek. There was salt spray. "Poor little kid. If I had only realized, I would never have brought her here."

He was almost to the hut when Marilee sulked from the door.

"Iorana, my darling!" Ted swung her into his arms.

"Hello, Ted. How—how did your painting go today?"

"Wonderful! Two collectors came in and bought several water colors."

"Collectors? From a United States vessel? Any mail? When is it sailing? Lou didn't tell me it was expected! Oh, Ted!" Her face was suddenly alive, and the little gold flecks in her eyes sparkled like they used to spark.

Ted bit his lips. He hadn't intended to tell her a boat was in.

The color used to mount in her cheeks when they talked about the year they would spend in Tahiti, so he could gather new material for his painting. And now her cheeks were a lifeless tan unless a boat came in. He had warned her of lonesomeness, of hardship. She had glowed with courage, then. And now that they were married, now she was just a little girl, homesick and pouty, and lonesome.

"They'll sort the mail tomorrow. You'll get some, Honey."

"I hope so. Tomorrow's the day before Christmas. At home, we'd always decorate the tree. We won't even have—a—tree!"

Frantically, Ted groped for inspiration. "Marilee, please, please try to stop this crying. Listen, listen, Little Girl, you'll have a tree. I promise you."

"But—but Ted, how?"

"Never mind, how. I'll be Santa Claus, in tropic togs, you understand, but you're going to have your tree, Honey. Just see if you don't."

The next morning was stifling.

"What can you expect with everything upside down just because we live on the wrong half of the world. Christmas in mid-summer! It's crazy!"

"I guess the Lord couldn't very well make it the same season for everyone. Why don't you take a walk into town. It might make you feel better to see poeple."

"I—I feel all right. I don't want to see any of these poeple. I can't understand anything they're saying, anyway. I guess I have to go, to get something for Chris—, for dinner, tomorrow. Something besides fish and pork."

"Turkey, cranberries, mince meat," teased Ted.

"Oh stop it! That's just another thing. Turkeys have more sense than we. They plain won't live here. Nothing will, but pigs and—and fish." Mist clouded her eyes.

"Sorry, but you do have to admit that these little black and white pork roasts that run around here nibbling orchids would put any Kansas hog-raiser out of business."

"Y—es, but . . . Well, maybe I can find a few of those puny carrots, just so we'll have something like home for—for Christmas dinner." The mist broke into a shower. Miserably, Ted gulped a weak, "good-bye," and strode down the sandy beach.

"Good Lord, how long can a man live in a flood. That's exactly what it is, and it's sweeping everything I've got along with it," he

shouted to the waves. Savagely Ted kicked aside the ferns and cut off through a cocoanut grove to the road. Enough is enough of this spoiled baby business. Sure it's hard. Hard for me, too. I don't thrive on this native diet, either.

He stopped, and looking out over Blue Lagoon, grasped the rickety railing of the flimsy bridge. "Now just hold on," he admonished himself, and took a deep breath.

"All right, calm as you," Ted told the quiet water. "After all, she is doing this for me. The least I can do is put up with this and try to make it a little easier for her."

He swung into stride again, his tall blondness a contrast to the dark Polynesians straggling along the road. Ted's artistic eyes feasted anew with each day's dawning upon nature's magnificence in the tropics, but this morning his mind was racked with the problem of inventing a Christmas tree for Marilee.

Although it was early morning, he sighed wearily as he knelt a moment in the shadows of the stone cathedral and breathed a prayer that the Prince of Peace might shed His peace, tonight, upon the heart of his wife.

Marilee looked guiltily back at the hut. "How exotic!" her friends had written when they saw the snapshots. "What a lark!" Let them exclaim all they want. They're home, home for Christmas. She hugged the pandanus bag, strangely bulky for one just on her way to market. Her thoughts tumbled through her mind like the waterfalls that hurried down the cushioned slopes beside her and pell-melled under picturesque bridges to the sea. Ted was strangely absent in these thoughts. Perhaps it would have been more true to say instead, that he was there, there like a giant tree in the midst of the swirling stream, unmoved, unmoving, just there, and the current scurrying past. It wasn't Ted she would be leaving. Oh no, she would wait for him forever—on the mainland. It would be just this esoteric island, this land of strange customs and pagan peoples, this oppressive heat even, even at Christmas. She clutched the note. She would just leave it at the post office in case the boat sailed today. Ted hadn't been sure. Had he suspected? Would he stop her if he knew? The winding road opened into a street lined with houses. Marilee looked at them pityingly. Poor, delapidated things, attractive enough in their bower of verdure at first glance, but oh, so rickety. She would just as soon live in her own little hut.

Anxiously she passed through the square where vendors sold their wares from queer looking stands on wheels, like the old-fashioned popcorn carts at home. Her steps flew as she made out a yellowish background beyond the trees, and her heart pounded at the sight of the stars and stripes fluttering at the stern. From the dock, she could easily read the blackboard. Leaving, that very afternoon! Bound for Fiji, then back to the mainland by way of



Samoa. It shouldn't be too expensive, then. Not like the big Matson liners, making the triangle. It was a freighter carrying a few passengers. She had better not make any arrangements too soon. News traveled like lightening on the island.

Marilee gazed about. The sun shining on the gold cross of the cathedral caught her eyes. A sudden shame engulfed her. What was the matter with her? Prayer had once been her stronghold, and these last few weeks—well, it just showed how terribly much she had to get away from here. It wasn't too convincing, and still a little shamefacedly, Marilee walked down the shady streets and in through the great carved doors. She blinked. It was dark and cool, for even the tropical heat could not penetrate the great stone blocks that rose in towering walls. Yet, where heat could not enter, strangely enough, tender green vines had grown from without, through minute crevices, and crept down inside to the hardened dirt floor. Marilee shuddered. A chill always accompanied her reluctant glances at the statues of the saints. There they were, waxen, dressed in silk and lace and linen, and laid out in great glass cases like transparent coffins. But even here, the prying fingers of the vines had felt their way and grew quite unabashed across a haloed face or surpliced body. The sight of them made death so vivid.

"The saints at home," thought Marilee. . . Oh, at home, at home. Today, there would be a thousand preparations. Ladies would be fluttering about the altar with fresh, starched linens. Father and the men would be busy setting the crib. There would be the pungent scent of pine . . .

Two native women, barefoot, emerged from the shadows near the Sanctuary. Marilee tip-toed down the center aisle and genuflecting, knelt gingerly on the floor, leaning back against an age-worn bench. There were no pines, no shiny holly leaves with scarlet berries, no mountain-blue or silvery boughs of evergreen, no drifts of Christmas snow. But there in a setting of palm and fern, of gay hibiscus and fragrant tiara, stood the crèche. Where unfamiliar thoughts had tumbled in such confusion this morning, now unfolded in orderly procession, the scenes recounted by St. Luke. The Archangel Gabriel and the youthful girl at Nazareth. Words came, too.

"And Mary rising up in those days went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda." Marilee clasped her hands a little more tightly. There was something about that scene of Mary hurrying away from home to help Elizabeth, that pricked her consciousness, or was it her conscience. Her mind hesitated a moment. Oh yes, the decree of Caesar Augustus.

"And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David . . . to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child."

Marilee straightened up on her knees, and pressed against the bench in front.

"Oh, Blessed Mother, how hard that must have been, to have to be away from home, and at a time like that. And then to have to stay in an old stable, cold and smelly—for Christmas."

The pout flitted across her lips. "But—but you had Christ!" Irresistably her eyes were drawn to the crèche. There the Infant smiled from the tropical foliage and his little arms reached out just as they had from the pines—at home. The Gospel hurried her on. In rapid succession passed angels, shepherds, kings. Then a hurried departure and lonely roads that led to a strange country and pagan peoples and oppressive heat.

There was a sob. But these tears were different. This was a cleansing shower that washed away the dross of selfishness and pulled back a curtain that had nearly stifled out a love. Marilee dried her eyes and stared at the tabernacle, far up on the altar. It was as though she were witnessing a revelation.

"And he has never said a word," she breathed, "Just put up with my sniffing."

Memory of the last three weeks broke like a tidal wave over her. The recent strain of Ted's face stood out in relief. "Couldn't we turn off those records a while?", he had asked once. Marilee hid her face again, as she thought of her acrid reply, "Are you trying to take away my very last bit of Christmas?" Ted had turned and left the room, presumably to tend to something. But now she knew.

Other thoughts clamored for attention. Maybe he is homesick, too. Is there nothing he might be missing? What have you done to make him feel like home? What about his Christmas?

Marilee knelt erect once more. "Oh Blessed Mother, I'm so ashamed. But thank you, thank you that it isn't too late."

Suddenly all the Sanctuary was filled with color, indigo, magenta, a ray of amber. On it spread, rubiat and emerald. Marilee watched in awe. It was a trick the sun had on reaching the zenith of the fine French stained glass windows.

"It is like my soul," smiled Marilee. "Just a few minutes ago, all dark and sombre, and now, all radiant, since God's light has shone through." Quietly, she knelt a moment before the crèche. "Welcome, welcome to far off Tahiti, Little One." And it almost seemed as if He echoed back her very words.

Marilee's thoughts kept more orderly pace with her steps as she walked down the shady road toward the hut. Ted's promise of a tree kept her in delighted suspense. She shifted the bundles in her

arms and beamed up at the mammoth poinsettias bobbing along at the ends of their sturdy stems. No, they were not the familiar red poinsettias that have become so symbolic of American Christmases. Marilee had deliberately not chosen those. These were lovely creamy white and delicate salmon pink, with broad petals like bits of fine velvet. They could have red poinsettias all the rest of their lives. She glanced at the long woven sack. Everything she'd need for dinner? Bananas for baking, pork, of course, bread fruit, lobster and tara root for salad, cocoanut for desert. She would try the new recipe that French girl had suggested several weeks ago.

Then Marilee hugged another package, a man's hat-band of exquisitely arranged sea shells. Ted had admired them so the last time they were in Papeete. Could it have been a month since they had strolled together in the evening? Marilee winced, but immediately her eyes sparkled as she thought how surprised Ted would be to find it at the foot of his bed tomorrow morning. That would be real Tahitian style.

Marilee was panting as she reached the door of the hut. With a gasp of delight, poinsettias and pork and shells and clothes scattered in surprise. There in the center of the room stood a tree, unmistakably a Christmas tree, yet no conventual evergreen would ever recognize it as a brother. It stood there, a graceful tree fern, leafy arms reaching to the thatched ceiling, gay with color, brilliant blossoms from the wealth of tropic blooms. Below it, billowed a hundred remembrances from home, and to the side, within a snow-bound stable, knelt the familiar figures of the crèche, in adoration of the Infant King.

Breathlessly, Ted watched the color mount in Marilee's tan cheeks. Was he dreaming? No. The Infant Saviour had truly brought His peace.

Marilee buried her face on his shoulder. But Ted was glad for these tears. With a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart, he held her tight and whispered, "Merry Christmas, darling, a Merry Midsummer Christmas!"

## Realms of Gold

By Sister Barbara Mary

*A poet glimpsed the realms of shining gold,  
He heard a blind man's song of gods and men  
Who lived in ages older still than old,  
And marvelled that the dead should live again.  
No soul who knows the mighty power of tongue  
To hold the spirit, though the flesh decays,  
Can disregard the words those hearts have sung  
As unbefitting these tumultuous days.  
Have men so changed that they can love no more,  
That God and soul and country claim no thought?  
If so, they live less human than before  
And empty progress is too dearly bought.  
But if undying words lie deep in them  
There lives a root from which new thought can stem.*

## The Strange Art

By Sister Celestine

Music is the strangest of the arts. Melody is the one thing on earth that cannot be translated into words. One may describe a painting, a scene, or a play so that his listener gets a mental picture of what is talked about, but with all the descriptive powers of the English language or, for that matter, any other language there is no describing the simplest tune well enough to give the listener the slightest idea of how it goes, if he has not heard it before. To prove this statement just try it. Again, music has a language of its own, an international and universal language. You will hear bits of a master's melody woven into the jazz of a juke box and, stranger than all this, you will see a nation snap to attention to the strain of a Breton peasants folk tune. Twenty-five centuries ago, more or less, a young Greek named Anacreon fled before the invading armies of Cyrus the Great. He lived to become a great poet at the court of Polycrates, where his poetry in praise of love and wine were much to the liking of the king. Most of Anacreon's poems were lost, but two thousand years later a group of poets in London organized the Anacreon Club. Somebody wrote a drinking song for the club and called it "Anacreon in Heaven." The tune is believed to have been borrowed from Brittany. When Francis Scott Key on the night of September 14, 1814 was inspired to write the words of "Star Spangled Banner" while on board a British battleship, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, the words were set to this tune. So it comes about that apparently the national anthem of the United States is sung to a French tune which was popularized as an English drinking song, honoring a Greek poet.

### HOME SWEET HOME

*"Home Sweet Home"* was written by a homeless man, John Howard Payne, born in New York in 1782. Payne has been wept over for generations as the poor, wandering, homeless man. He was not poor, on the contrary, he was successful as an actor, a producer, and the author of some sixty plays. Payne was a wanderer because he liked to wander, and he was homeless because he would not stay at home. *"Home Sweet Home"* first appeared as a solo in Payne's opera *"The Maid of Milan."* In this opera Clari, the heroine, who had run away with a duke, hears a group of strolling musicians sing a song of her native land which so moves her that she returns home. This song was the now famous *"Home Sweet Home."* The music was not original with Payne as it had previously been published in a collection by the British composer, Henry Rawley Bishop, who called it a Sicilian air.



### WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIVER

America's beloved song writer of the South was not a Southerner. He was a Pennsylvanian and never saw the Swanee river. He found it in an atlas and used it because it sounded better than Peedee River—a name he had used in the original draft of his famous song, one of the most widely sung of all the songs ever written.

### MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

John Bull, an English composer 1562-1628, wrote a tune which became, although he did not know it, the national anthem of at least four nations and a patriotic song in several others. This music we know as "My Country 'Tis of Thee." It is also the music of the British Empire's "God Save the King"—of Switzerland's "Rufst du, mein Vaterland"—and of Denmark's "Heil dir, dem Liebenden." At one time before the revolution it was Germany's "Heil dir im Siegerkranz."

### THE MARSEILLAISE

When the Marseillaise, national anthem of France was written by a young French officer, it was dedicated to a German nobleman, Count Nikolaus Luckner, commander of the Luckner Huzzars, who aided Louis XV, King of France in 1763, and who, when the Revolution swept over the Kingdom, remained to serve the Republic. Luckner was a hero until 1792 when he was led to the guillotine, while all about him he heard being sung "The Marseillaise," the song that had been dedicated to him. More than a century later Luckner's great-grandson, Count Felix von Luckner, took a sailing ship and defied the combined fleets of the Allied Nations on the high seas during World War I. He sank more than a half million tons of shipping, without the loss of a single life.

### THE INTERNATIONALE

The national hymn of Soviet Russia was not written by a Russian, but by a gentle old Frenchman named Eugene Pottier. The Music was written in 1885 by another Frenchman, Alphonse Degaeyer, to fit Pottier's words. The song was sung in France twenty-eight years before it was adopted as the battle hymn of the Communists.

### WAR SONGS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH

Many of the war songs of the North and South were given to each other in the days before the Civil War. Little did the South suspect that an old camp meeting song would in time to come lead the forces of an invading army. "John Brown's Body" with its "Glory Hallelujah" was taken, note for note, from an old Southern camp meeting song. Daniel Decatur Emmett, a Yankee boy, did not dream when he sat down to write a tune for a Negro

minstrel show that in time his song would lead a Southern army. The song and the music of "Dixie" were composed by Emmett, the Yankee; but to that tune the Confederacy marched against the North.

### YANKEE DOODLE

America's Revolutionary forces marched to a tune given them by the enemy. English officers had, in jest, given it to the pioneer Americans as a military marching song, to use in their French and Indian wars. A Dr. Schuburg had written doggerel verses to the tune. The way the Americans had taken to the tune kept the British amused for some time. Eventually, the English officers found "Yankee Doodle" no longer funny; in fact, General Cornwallis' army found it most annoying during the retreat at Yorktown. The early history of the tune is uncertain. The melody was used in ancient religious rites, in Italy, later Hollanders sang it as a harvest song, and it is found, still later, in English country dances.

### MOZART'S "REQUIEM"

The story is told that Mozart, ill and overworked, was visited by a mysterious stranger who wished Mozart to compose a Requiem. He offered a bag of gold, as part payment, in advance, but would not give his name. Mozart became obsessed with the thought that the stranger was a messenger of death, sent to warn him of his own end. The time to write his own requiem had come. The stranger called again, urged greater speed, and offered more money. Mozart, fully convinced he was writing his own requiem, put his greatest music into it. Knowing he could not finish the work, he gave the score and instructions to his pupil, Sussmayer, for completion. When the stranger called the third time, Mozart was dead. After Mozart's death, it was learned that the stranger was in the employ of Count Walsegg, who wanted to buy the Requiem, from the impoverished Mozart, and then to have it known as his own composition. This tale may be a legend, and its authenticity has been questioned, but never satisfactorily disproved.

### MOTHER GOOSE

The story of Mother Goose really begins with Tom Fleet who happened to get into trouble in Bristol, England and then having found refuge in America, finally established himself as a printer in Boston. In 1715 he married Elizabeth Goose. Later Thomas' mother-in-law, also named Elizabeth, came to live with them. The story goes that she loved her little grandson dearly and that she used to sing to him all day long at the top of her voice which, naturally was very wearing on Thomas, who had to listen to her, while working in the shop. However, instead of becoming irritated, he decided that he might be able to turn her singing into profit, so he wrote down all the songs and published them in a book "Mother Goose

Melodies for Children," printed by Thomas Fleet, at his printing house, Pudding Lane, Boston, 1719—Price two Coppers.

### ABALONE—EARLY CALIFORNIA

This was written by a group of San Francisco artists, who flourished before the turn of the century. This group loved to go to the beach at Carmel for an "abalone fry." Members, including Jack London, Brete Harte, and Ambrose Pierce, all wrote verses rhyming abalone in every possible way, but which wrote which verse, they themselves were never sure.

## A Christmas Legend

By Sister Mary Dolorosa

Anna rose early, with the first glow of sunrise touching gently the darkness of Bethlehem's hills. There was much to do this morning before she would waken little Miriam and baby David; for a long and wearing journey lay before the widow and her little ones. Old Jacob, their good, kind neighbor had come yesterday asking that she ride with him today, when he went to deliver the wool to the merchant at Capharnaum; then he planned to go on to visit his aged mother, in the hill country of Nazareth. This was a good time to get away, he said, with the city of David suddenly roused from its peace, by the throngs coming to obey the census takers of Augustus. As he said the name, the old man spat loyally, commenting:

"It's about time, Anna, that the Saviour of our race should come, and save us from the Roman tyrants."

Then as if an afterthought, he mused.

"'Tis a long ride to take alone. Magda, my wife, finds it too wearing, and I must leave John, to care for her and the flock. He could watch over your few sheep, together with ours. Why not come along bringing my little friends Miriam and David, to cheer my trip and at the end of it, see your own boy, Josue? When are you expecting Joel?"

"Not until three moons hence," said Anna. "And we had planned that he ride on and visit my sister and bring us word of Josue. Oh Jacob, would we not be a burden to you, on the way? Does pity for the widow and her blind child move you to so discomfort yourself, rather than to bring cheer on your trip?"

The eagerness in the mother's voice was the only answer the old man needed, as he urged:

"Did my love for Ephraim die with him? Can my promise to love and watch over you and his little ones be so easily forgotten? Prepare, woman, to ride with me, and rest with your sister and your child until Joel rides thither. 'Twill do the little boy more good than any doctor, to be with his sister and baby brother, and you can help your sister in her enlarged household. She has room and to spare, and you know her hospitable heart."

Anna had not needed much persuasion. Her few sheep, her cottage and garden would be safe in John's care and under Magda's watchful eye. She would see the child of her heart, Josue the child who was born blind. He would have his sixth birthday soon, and she could be with him. Then too, . . . she pondered, could she consult the famous Ephizar, the Arabian physican! He might bring help to Josue, if he had returned from Nineveh.

A startled cry from the sleeping room, disturbed her reverie.

"Mother, mother, some one is living in the robber's cave. Come quickly!"

"Miriam, child, no one is there, and haven't I told you, it is not a robber's cave. It is the stable of the animals of Joathim."

"But Mother, uncle Joel told me, he is old, you know, that long, long ago robbers lived in that cave. They must have come back because Joathim's ox, never has a light at night," insisted the child.

"A light. There is never a light in the caves of Bethlehem. You were dreaming, child."

"No, mother truly. Very late last night,—I had been sleeping long,—I woke up suddenly. It seemed so bright outside. I went to the door. Then I saw the cave all light, and on the farther hills above the sheep folds, lights like the sun, and I heard sounds of beautiful singing. I turned to call you Mother, but you were so soundly sleeping with baby's head resting on your arm. You worked so hard yesterday Mother, that I just couldn't waken you both."

"My kind little daughter, I fear your wonderful imaginings are at work again."

Stroking the child's head Anna walked with her to the door, and glanced toward the cave.

"There *is* someone there, Miriam, a man who seems to be gathering sticks. He must be some poor traveller, who came too late and sought shelter there."

"Maybe he's hungry, mother, and cold."

Without a qualm, for the shepherd folk of Bethlehem were simple, kindly souls, Anna seized a small skin of goat's milk, a loaf



and some dried figs, set out for the children's breakfast. Then wrapping a shawl about the child she took her hand.

"Come, let us go and see what we can do."

Together they hurried up the rocky winding path to the hills. The distance was short, and as they neared the cave, they saw no one, but a sound came from within as of a mother's crooning lullaby.

They stood at the entrance and peered into the semi-darkness, Miriam clasping more tightly her mother's hand.

There beside a manger a young girl knelt, bending over a Babe, in some swaddling bands, who lay upon the manger's straw, one tiny hand was pressed to the mother's lips. In a corner of the cave, the man, a handsome stalwart figure was laying sticks on a little fire, trying to coax a flame.

As the shadow of the visitor crossed the entrance, the mother stood up, and the man came forward, putting a protecting arm about her shoulders.

"Do not fear," said Anna. "We saw someone here and thought you might be in need. Our home is just below the path. I have brought milk and bread."

"May the God of our Fathers reward you," said the man. "I am Joseph. This is Mary, my wife, and Jesus her new born Son. He came to us at midnight in this cave where we sought shelter, for there was no room elsewhere. As a boy I played here. We called this the Robber's Cave."

"So do I," interrupted Miriam, glancing triumphantly at her mother.

"Come, kind friends," said Mary taking the child's hand. "Come and see Jesus. You are His second visitors. Some shepherds came down last night from the hills, soon after we got here."

With wondering awe, Anna and Miriam gazed at the little figure in the straw. His beautiful eyes drew their hearts to Him; they felt His welcoming love, and suddenly they were on their knees, their heads bent in reverence.

Shyly looking at Mary who knelt beside her, Miriam whispered, "He is the most beautiful Baby I have ever seen."

"Most beautiful of the sons of men," came the whispered reply of His Mother.

Then, the practical Anna, remembering that she had left little David sleeping, at home, said,

"You cannot stay here. Come home with us. Our house is small, but this afternoon, we leave with Jacob Bar Nathan, to journey



to Nazareth. We shall be there for three months. Take our home as shelter while we are gone. It is poor but you will be comfortable there."

Mary looked hopefully at Joseph, as she gratefully pressed Anna's hand. . . . Joseph nodded saying:

"God has sent you. In His name, we shall abide in your home."

Mary added, "And our gratitude to you will be eternal."

Anna lifted the Babe in her strong capable arms, Miriam seized Mary's hand. Joseph gathered up their few belongings, untethered the donkey, and together they made their way down the rocky hill-side path to Anna's cottage.

David's crib was quickly made ready for Mary's child, while Miriam spread the table with the breakfast they had carried to the cave.

Then Mary helped Anna complete her preparations for departure. Joseph, looking about the little house, said,

"If you will permit me, I shall be happy to make some repairs while you are away. I am a carpenter, and for a time, I plan to follow my trade here. At least, until Jesus is a little older."

"Oh, I shall be most grateful. Since my husband died, things have been going down. I fear you will find much to do. But if in your spare moments—"

Joseph's kindly glance reassured her, and she said,

"How good is God to us, to bring you kind people to keep our home for us while we are gone."

Setting out that afternoon on Jacob's cart, Anna, Miriam and David turned to wave their guests goodbye—Joseph and Mary framed in the doorway, the Child in His Mother's arms, each with a hand raised in blessing.

The days in Anna's home passed happily for Mary and Joseph. Enough work came to enable him to care for their simple needs. The Child was presented in the Temple, and there a shadow of prophecy fell on the Mother's heart, but always "Fiat mihi, secundum verbum tuum," was her answer.

And, one day, a strange caravan wended its way down the narrow lane. Led by a wonderful star, it stopped in front of the house, over which the star stood still. "And entering the house they found the Child with Mary, His Mother"—Wise men from the East, three of them, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.

"We have seen His star in the East and have come to adore Him," and falling on their knees, they opened their gifts, offering the Babe, gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Then, Joseph entering welcomed them, and thanked them in the name of the Child, and Mary placed her Son in their arms.

They caressed Him and kissed His feet, as they told their marvellous story, and how they had followed the inspiration of the star.

During several happy visits which followed, Joseph and Mary pointed out to their royal guests the prophecies that concerned the Messias, and the prophecy concerning themselves, the kings from Arabia and Saba, bringing gifts—the great light appearing to the Gentiles, and the Magi saw and believed, promising as they said farewell, to carry the blessed word back to their own people.

Mary and Joseph went early to their rest that night, thanking God for all His mercies, “And an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph saying, ‘Arise and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt, for Herod seeks the life of the Child.’”

Joseph wakened Mary, who hearing the message of the angel, pressed her Son, in terror, to her heart, and they hastened to be on their way to exile. Before closing the door on the peaceful little home Joseph hastily wrote a message on a little scroll—a message which Anna would find when she returned. Mary, tearing a strand from her blue girdle, wrapped it about the scroll, which Joseph fastened to the molding of a little table. Then, folding a scarf about the Babe, they hurried silently out into the night.

\* \* \*

Joel rode slowly along the rocky incline approaching the hills of Bethlehem. The blazing desert sun would set before he reached his home on the sloping outskirts of the town.

Before leaving for the market, to trade his sheep skins, he had promised Anna his mother to rest a night at home, and next day press on to the home of Esther, his aunt, in the hill country near Nazareth.

A sigh escaped him, as he thought of Josue, his blind little brother. O well! The shekels earned in his trading would help pay the great physician, if he gave them any hope for the child.

He drew up at the door way of his home, dismounted, tethered his donkey in an olive tree's spreading shade, and took its bag of oats and a water skin from his saddle. Then, after caring for the animal, he opened the unlatched door and entered the house.

Darkness had fallen, but Joel had his own flint, and lit the little oil lamp that stood always on the taboret, just inside the door. A townsman in a caravan had told him that he would find no one at home, but as he took the lamp and peered through the shadows, he sensed a presence, though his search showed that the cottage was empty. A delicate perfume drew him back to the family room, and on the low table near a couch, he saw a white object lying.

"What is this?" said Joel aloud as he picked up a small white roll, fastened with a strand of blue veiling. Opening the scroll he found written hurriedly, by a masculine hand, "May the blessing of Jesus, Son of Mary, rest on you and yours forever."

Joel read and reread the message, his dark eyes bright with wonder. The beauty of it and the mystery imprinted themselves on his memory.

"This is for mother," he thought, "I shall take it to her. She may understand."

Wrapping it carefully in an oil silk which he carried on his trading trips, he placed it in the bag, which he made ready for the morrow's journey. The night wind wafted in to him the scent of lilies, or did the fragrance seem to come from the blue strand binding the scroll? Strange, for it was winter.

Before sunrise Joel was again on his way. He was eager to skirt Jerusalem before the traffic of bazaar and temple merchants should crowd him, contemptuously, from the narrow road.

Five miles out from Bethlehem his donkey restively shied, and climbed up farther in the hillside brush, just as a group of Herod's soldiers, gay in their livery, mounted, and armed with swords, clattered along the road. Jestings with mingled curses, the leader waving his sword cried out, "Remember, all male children from two years old and under. Spare none."

Joel shivered, and thanked Heaven that little David was gone from Bethlehem and that he was hidden from them, by the bushes. He waited until the champings of their horses' hoofs seemed but as echoes in the distance, then, gratefully patting his little beast, which had not even broken a dry twig while the soldiers were passing, he pressed forward, his heart dark with foreboding.

Avoiding the travelled road, he circuited Jerusalem, choosing short cuts, however rough, and reached the hill country near Nazareth on the evening of his third day's journey.

Joel had passed part of his childhood days in this village, so without difficulty he found the home of his aunt, where his mother was visiting. He had decided not to disturb this peaceful little hamlet, or the joyful family reunion, by an account of the meeting with Herod's soldiers. Miriam and little David shouted their joy, as their brother appeared, and Anna embraced with pride her first born, the "man of the family" since her husband's death.

Greeting respectfully Anna and Esther, he reached for his travel bag, to get the little gifts he had picked up for the children, who now eagerly expected them.

"Joel never forgets," chirped Miriam as her brother opened the bag. Catching sight of the oil skin packet he exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, this must be for you. When I stopped for the night at home, I found this scroll lying on the table of your sleeping room." As his fingers struggled with the knotted string he added:

"It is a strange message. It reads, 'May the blessing of Jesus, Son of Mary, rest on you and yours forever'. Yet, Mother, the house was empty." As he spoke, his fingers unwound the covering. A rare, mysterious perfume filled the room, as, bewildered, Joel took the packet to his mother. No scroll lay in the silken folds, but a lily white and dazzling as sunlight on the winter's snow.

Reverently, Anna received it in her trembling hands. Just then the boy, Josue, groped his way from the adjoining room, calling, "Pretty smell, mother."

Reaching his mother's knee, the child stretched his hand for the flower, which she held toward him. As he bowed his head over the lily cup, its petals and the blue strand brushed his sightless eyes. Before Anna's pitying smile, her little afflicted one opened his dark eyes in wonder, crying out as he threw his arms about her neck,

"Mother, how beautiful you are! I can see you! I can see!"

She buried her face in his golden curls, now dampened by the tears of her over wrought heart; then raising her eyes to Heaven, she whispered, in awe,

"May the blessing of Jesus, Son of Mary, rest upon you and yours forever."

## Two Months and Eleven Days

By Ruth Mackey

We were married eleven days when it happened. Billy was leaving that morning for the Army. For the hundredth time, "Why should Billy be sent all the way from Tennessee to California?" There were many Army camps around home. Why couldn't he have been sent to one of those?

We rushed with his packing, to keep up with the flying hours.

We were at the station, at the gates, when Billy said, "Well, honey, keep your chin up, and I'll see you soon." He smiled as he spoke, but the smile was not in his voice. My hand clutched my throat and I smiled back through my tears.

On a Sunday afternoon some weeks later, the 'phone rang softly, innocent of the message it shortly was to convey.



"Hello," Mother said, picking up the receiver.

"Yes." "Yes, she is. Just a moment."

"Ruthie," she called. "Billy—it's Billy calling you. Hurry!"

I ran into the room. "Hello" . . . My voice took on a breathless quality.

Mother and Billy had been planning for me to visit him and now the plans had been completed.

"Mother, how can I go all that way alone? Can't you go with me?" "Maybe he'll be gone when I get there. Then what would I do?"

Mother understood and we made the trip together.

When we reached the station, I said, "Oh, Mother, do you think I will know him? I've never seen him in uniform. Do you think he will have changed much?" The ridiculous questions came straight from my heart and caused Mother to smile and say, "Well, honey, you know he has been away just two months. I think you'll recognize him."

We rounded the curve into the waiting room. I could see only blurs instead of the many faces crowding the ropes. After coming so many miles and after so much anticipation, I was rather surprised at the shyness I suddenly felt. It was entirely different greeting my own husband for the first time and not just a good friend. Not I but Mother first saw Billy.

His eager arms went around me and all the questions and wonder in my heart were gone. I saw the same grin, the same gentle trusting look in his eyes and I felt again the closeness between us.

In the rush of words from three pairs of lips, one statement of Billy's went straight to my heart, "I thought you all would never get here." Billy sighed, "I've been waiting on that bench since 6:00 and here it is after 11:00."

"But, Billy," I said, "in the telegram I told you the train was not due until 11:00." Had he come to the station so early with the hope the train would arrive ahead of schedule?

As though putting my thoughts into words, Billy said, "I know, honey, but my heart told my head to come down early and maybe Lady Luck would have the train arrive ahead of schedule."



## Alumnae Echoes

In June ELEANORE ROBERTS finished her diatetics internship at the Veterans' Hospital, Sawtelle. She received an appointment to the Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver. This is one of the largest Veterans' Hospitals in the United States.

MARY LOU JANDRO is fulfilling the requirement of internship, in medical technology, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles.

GRACE STARK is now working in the Pathology Laboratory of the Los Angeles General Hospital.

AZILDA CHARBONNEAU is teaching Home Economics in a High School in Imperial Valley.

PAULINE CHANG has been accepted at the University of California at Los Angeles, for graduate study in bacteriology.

JOELLA HARDIMAN has received a Master's degree in music from the University of Iowa.

PAT MURPHY is in charge of Home Economics in a High School at Klamath Falls, her home.

ROSEMARY FOX is a Home Economics assistant to *Mary Meade and Her Home Makers*, on the Journalistic Staff of the Chicago Tribune.

MARILLYN WETZEL PESTOLECI won first prize for a dress of her creating, and second prize for knitted baby garments, which she entered at the Orange County Fair. A winner has stiff competition.

LT. COL. and MRS. CHARLES MEDINNIS are stationed at the army base at Muroc, California. Their children are Denise, aged 8, Charles 4 and Michael 2.

MRS. R. COOLEY (Frances McDermott) with baby, Mary Pat, accompanied by MARY MCCARTHY visited The Mount in September. Frances and Mary have kept up the loyal friendship which developed during their college years at Mount St. Mary's

MR. and MRS. JACK SCANLON (Kay Trounce), have entered their eldest daughter, Deirdra, aged four and a half years, in the kindergarten of St. Brigid's School, Pacific Beach, which is in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. Kay and Jack are living at La Jolla.

New arrivals are announced in the families of: Mr. and Mrs. THOS. THALKEN, a son, Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. DAMIEN MELANSON (Janie Donnelly), a son, Michael; Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES TAYLOR (Kay Williams), a daughter, Christine Mary; Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM G. POPE (Carol Gallagher), a son, William Glass Pope Jr.; Mr. Pope is a nephew of the late Bishop of Salt Lake, Most Rev. Joseph Glass, D.D.

The Mount has received invitations to marriages or announcements of them from: MARY JEANNE HOXMEIER to Mr. Lawrence Eugene Murray; DOROTHY JANE ORR to Capt. Robert E. McCormick, Jr.; MARY ANN CUNNINGHAM to Mr. Michael Francis Reilly; GERALDINE BIGGS to Mr. Herbert McGrath, Jr.; GLORIA CECILIA MANKIEWICZ to Mr. Stanley Edward Sarnecki; MARY BARBARA YURICH to Mr. Frank Brajkoich; HUGUETTE HERY to Mr. James Victor Clarizio.

BARBARA O'CALLAGHAN and YVONNE MAZY are teaching Phys. Ed. at Cathedral Girls High, Los Angeles.

CATHERINE FORD has been making a tour of the United States.

EVELYN KRAMER is planning a trip to Europe in January. She will accompany her mother.

UZO and BEN MBAKWEM are in a college in Winnipeg, Canada. While Ben is in medical school, Uzo will complete nurse's training.

RITA GLORIA MURRAY is teaching in an elementary school in Temple City, Calif.

MARILYN YEE is teaching in the elementary school at Pearl Harbor.

MARILOU O'CONNOR is teaching in her home city of Klamath Falls.

EVELYN ISHIDA is teaching in a high school in the Hawaiian Islands.

RITA CUSTADO, DOLORES WELGOSS, MARY ELLEN GRAY and ARLENE RUSSIE have returned to the Mount for a fifth year of study for the Secondary Credential.

ELEANORE KELLEHER is doing graduate work at the Catholic U., Washington, D.C.

HELEN KERIOZOLAS is doing graduate work at the University of Arizona.

THERESA HATSUMI is doing graduate work at U.C.L.A., having been offered a scholarship in Journalism.

JACKIE STETLER is working for a Mus. M. at U.S.C.

VERA WONG is doing graduate work at Columbia U., New York.

ROSEMARY MICKULICH is working for a Master's in biology, at the University of San Francisco.

ANGELA McDONALD is working as a mathematician in the Engineering department of No. American Aviation Inc.

MARY DOLORES MCCARTHY, who has been in South America most of the years since her graduation, has been seriously ill in our hospital, in Tucson, Arizona. Good medical and hospital care have resulted in hopes of her complete recovery. Her teachers and companions of college days have been most thoughtful by letters and other attentions. DR. and MRS. CLEM with their two daughters drove

to Tucson to see her. HELEN McCAMBRIDGE, MARY VIRGINIA BRYAN and others have also been faithful in keeping in touch with Mary.

MRS. SCALZO (Marion Solury) has returned to her home in Connecticut, but expects to return in six months, to reside here permanently.

MRS. J. GEEVER, JR. (Lee Fitzgerald), MRS. THOS. RICHARDS and LEE McCASLIN paid a flying visit. Lee has been in Honolulu for ten years, and was enjoying her vacation in the United States.

LT. and MRS. RAY APPEL visited relatives and friends in Los Angeles and La Jolla, during their October vacation. Baby Stephen was with them.

MRS. JAMES CLYNE, (Gertrude Long) flew to London with her husband, an aeronautical engineer, to attend a convention. Cards received by Sister Ignatia report visits to Rome, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal.

On October 23, Richard Anthony was eagerly welcomed into the family of Richard and Gloria Stoeffler (GLORIA NITRINI).

The annual October meeting which opens with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, was held on the 28th. As the feast celebrated was that of Christ the King, the resident students' choir sang a High Mass. It was natural to see CHARLOTTE AGUIAR (Mrs. Sayre), go forward to take her place with the singers.

Charlotte has again generously consented to join the choir of the Mount which sings a High Mass every Sunday at St. Martin of Tours, near "our valley." The Mount has now St. Martin's for its parish and Rev. Augustine Murray for its pastor.

Mass was followed by breakfast, of which one hundred guests partook. Elections were then held with the following results, the proposals of the nominating committee being unanimously adopted:

#### 1952 ALUMNAE BOARD

President .....	Mrs. Helen Pickett '33
First Vice-President .....	Miss Joan Storkan '50
Second Vice-President .....	Mrs. Eileen Mercer '32
Third Vice-President .....	Mrs. Colette Regan '40
Treasurer .....	Miss Angela McDonald '51
Financial Secretary .....	Miss Mary Needles '46
Secretary .....	Miss Mary Flynn '33
Assistant Secretary .....	Miss Frances Hills '50
Historian .....	Miss Dolores Welgoss '51
Publicity .....	Miss Bernice Long

The outgoing officers received an enthusiastic vote of thanks. These were: Miss Frances McKenna, Mrs. Helen Shindel Pickett, Miss Betsy Knieriem, Mrs. Gloria Nitrini Stoeffler, Mrs. Jennelle McDonald Stehley, Miss Bernice Long.